

Blackfield 32.2

Chapter 32.2: Distribution (2)

At sunset, they parked the car beside the Han River[1] and went for a walk. There were quite a lot of people.

“There’s going to be a ‘Chiffre’ presentation next week. I heard that Mr. Smithen, who’s been appointed as the manager of the Korean branch, and the French Ambassador are coming. I hope you attend with your mom that day.”

“I’ll be there.”

Kang Dae-Kyung gave him a grateful gaze, then spoke to Yoo Hye-Sook. Kang Chan looked at the heedlessly flowing river while he listened to their inquisitive conversations that consisted of “What should I wear?”, “What about that outfit you wore when we met Seong-Hee last time? That looks good”, and “I heard the Ambassador’s coming—Oh, right! Can I invite Seong-Hee?”

I should get used to this. There’s no reason to go to France and be a soldier if I’m not going to look for my body.

‘I’m thinking of accepting this life. Please understand.’

Kang Chan conveyed his intentions to his body’s owner, who might be somewhere. He then thought about why this happened and why it didn’t only happen to him but to Seok Kang-Ho as well. He was curious if there were others that had been reincarnated like him.

Considering they didn’t walk that long, it seemed like they strolled around specifically for Yoo Hye-Sook because she ate greasy food.

After a while, the three of them arrived home.

Kang Chan first called Michelle.

“Maybe she went to a club?”

She didn’t pick up even though he called twice.

He didn’t sweat it, thinking she’d call once she had checked her phone.

The next day, Kang Chan thought about ways to remove the stigma on kids like Cha So-Yeon and Moon Ki-Jin throughout morning class. His classes were no longer as painful, perhaps because of the various matters he had to think about. Some teachers even seemed satisfied with his attitude in class, but they never prevented him from sleeping or told him to properly pay attention in class.

When lunch break came, Kang Chan headed to the cafeteria with Kim Mi-Young again.

“Sunbae-nim!” [2] Cha So-Yeon called.

Cha So-Yeon was standing in front of the cafeteria. She brightly greeted Kang Chan and Kim Mi-Young.

“Were you waiting for us?” Kang Chan asked.

“Yes.”

That wasn't a bad thought.

It looked like he had no choice but to eat lunch with them for the time being.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—

He got a text when he was going down the stairs to follow the line.

[Channy, I just woke up because I finished work in the morning. What's up?]

What does she do for a living anyway, and why does it finish in the morning?

Kang Chan pressed the call button.

- Channy, aren't you in class?

“It's currently our lunch break.”

- Sorry. The photoshoot ended in the morning, so I couldn't call back.

“It's okay. This isn't urgent anyway, but Smithen, the manager of Gong Te automobile's Korean branch, needs a personal teacher to teach him Korean, so I'm thinking of introducing Cindy if she doesn't have anything special ongoing right now. He's currently in the hospital, though.”

- Okay, I'll ask her and call back. Is there anything else? Don't you suddenly feel a little hot and bothered today?

“I'm hanging up.”

Kang Chan ended the call. There were too many students around him to respond to that kind of bullshit. Just talking quietly since he was standing in line was already so annoying. Why should he answer if he was feeling hot?

He thoughtlessly turned his attention toward the kids around him and noticed that the two guys that wore leggings and the guys that greeted him yesterday were at the end of the line. When their eyes met, they greeted him again in a way that obnoxiously imitated gangsters.

They quickly shook their heads when Kang Chan smirked and laughed.

It was always sickening to be greeted by those dickheads. Especially during lunch.

It had become a routine for Kang Chan to walk home with Kim Mi-Young, even though it had only been two days.

Would she believe him if he told her that she was the first one that managed to stop him when he almost exploded?

She was definitely going to smile strangely if he told her, but it was the truth.

Dayeru had once stopped him in Africa when an Algerian guy sneered at Kang Chan while he was smoking. A young, new recruit had just died in a bloody mess during his second battle that day. If

Dayeru didn't fend off Kang Chan while Dayeru was getting stabbed in the forearm, the Algerian would've certainly died.

The upper levels of the apartment soon came into view behind the buildings.

"I'm going in. I'll see you tomorrow morning. Bye," Kang Chan said.

"I'll see you tomorrow. Bye."

Kim Mi-Young ran off with a happy expression. Her face was full of the hope that she would see him again tomorrow.

Kang Chan went inside the house, had a brief talk with Yoo Hye-Sook, changed clothes, then headed to the hospital.

He got a call when he got into the taxi and told the driver his destination. It was Michelle.

"Hey."

- Do you have time today? Cindy is unavailable because of her broadcasting work, but she has a friend that's willing to do it. She wants to meet and talk to you and Smithen for a bit today."

Kang Chan felt worried for a moment but decided to accept it.

"Tell her to come to the Bang Ji Hospital, room 503. That's where Smithen's admitted. I'm on my way there now."

- Okay, Channy. Bang Ji Hospital, room 503.

Michelle ended the call with a joyous tone. She would've been a pretty good friend one way or another if she weren't so crazy for him.

After arriving at the hospital, Kang Chan first sought out Yoo Hun-Woo and got the injury on his shoulder treated.

"Though your shoulder has a scar now, more of the sutures have fallen off. At this point, it doesn't even need to be bandaged anymore. How's the pain?" Yoo Hun-Woo asked Kang Chan.

"I never felt any today."

Still looking surprised, Yoo Hun-Woo sanitized his injury and placed gauze on it.

As soon as Kang Chan went into the patient room, both Seok Kang-Ho and Smithen greeted him as if they had met their savior.

"Did something happen?" He asked them.

"What do you mean? I'm just bored since I have to spend the entire day stuck with a guy I can't even talk to. Do you want coffee?" Seok Kang-Ho replied.

Kang Chan looked at Smithen while Seok Kang-Ho made coffee.

“I was told that Gong Te automobile has appointed you as the manager for their Korean branch. And in a few minutes, your Korean language teacher will be arriving to meet with us.”

“A female?” Smithen asked, then gauged Kang Chan’s mood. When Kang Chan simply stared at him in silence, he took the coffee with a smirk.

Smithen’s behavior didn’t come across as a surprise. He had lived his whole life with only his ability to endure attacks. Even now, that fucker was probably confident he’d survive being beaten up for 30 minutes. He complained that he was going to go crazy for having to stay still for a moment to learn Korean. After he smoked another cigarette, the door opened and a mediocre-looking French girl with insanely large breasts came in.

Kang Chan stood up and greeted her. She introduced herself as Alice.

“Everyone, meet Alice. That’s Seok Kang-Ho, and this is Smithen, the manager of Gong Te automobile’s Korean branch.”

The three of them chaotically greeted each other.

“That’s the person you have to teach, Alice. Would you like to conduct a trial run now?” Kang Chan asked.

“I’d like to talk to him for a bit first.”

Smithen smirked when she walked over to him, his remaining eye about to pop out toward her chest.

Alice stood up from her spot when Kang Chan was talking to Seok Kang-Ho about school.

“I’ll start teaching him tomorrow. We can decide on my rates then. Is that alright?” Alice told Kang Chan.

“Sure. Goodbye.”

“Bye.”

Alice left the room with Smithen feeling bad.

“I’d like to stay in a different room starting tomorrow,” Smithen told Kang Chan. He sounded serious.

“I’m requesting this because I don’t want my Korean language classes to disturb Dayeru’s rest. No, Channy. Does that look in your eyes mean that you’re suspicious of me?”

“Be quiet,” Kang Chan warned.

Smithen quickly shut his mouth and turned his gaze to the side.

“What’s he saying?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“He wants to stay in a separate room starting tomorrow.”

“Son of a bitch.”

Seok Kang-Ho swore in Kang Chan’s stead.

Kang Chan looked for a nurse and requested another private room, then prepared to leave after seeing Seok Kang-Ho had laid down.

“Goodnight, Channy.”

Kang Chan only responded to Smithen’s goodbye with a tired smile, finding him pitiful even though he didn’t trust him.

Kang Chan felt bad for him due to his current situation. After all, the only thing he could do was say goodbye to the very person that destroyed his right eye.

‘Sleep well.’

Kang Chan said his goodbyes in his head, then left the room.

On Friday, Kang Chan headed to the hospital as soon as classes had finished.

Seok Kang-Ho was now alone in the room. He was sitting on the bed watching TV, but his face seemed puffed up, most likely because he had done nothing but stay in the hospital for the past few days.

“Why do you visit every day?” Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

“Where’s Smithen?”

“He kept bullshitting the hospital employees, asking how he could activate a phone all morning, and now he hasn’t gone anywhere after his Korean language teacher arrived.

“I’ll be back.”

Kang Chan went to the room right beside Seok Kang-Ho and knocked, not wanting to see something he shouldn’t.

Alice opened the door.

“Channy.”

Her blush was suspicious, but it would only tire him out if he let every little thing bother him.

“You’re here.”

Smithen sat on the edge of the bed and greeted Kang Chan.

“Can you contact Gong Te automobile?” He asked Smithen.

“I should be able to.”

“Then call them and tell them not to let the Korean branch office know what hospital you’re admitted to until you’ve been discharged. Letting those involved come here will only complicate things. I’ll also get you a house to move into once I’ve withdrawn the money.”

“Understood. Do you have a phone?”

Kang Chan took out his phone and handed it to him.

“Wait, what time is it in France?” Smithen asked.

“Probably around 11am?”

“Do you know their international number?”

“Tsk!”

Alice went out of her way and actually pressed the number for him before Kang Chan exploded. It seemed she had figured out that there was something weird between Kang Chan and Smithen’s relationship, but she didn’t butt in any further.

Smithen exchanged contact information with the responsible employee working in the relative department after he sufficiently explained his reasoning, allowing him to directly contact the employee instead of the Gong Te headquarters for things that needed the French headquarters’ approval.

“Alice, step out for a moment,” Kang Chan said.

“Okay!”

She willingly headed outside the room.

“Smithen, how could the French headquarters take care of things as if nothing happened even though Sharlan disappeared?”

“Channy, the influence of the Serpent Venimeux in France is beyond imagination. How else could I have become the director of Asian affairs, right? The Korean embassy also would’ve been contacted even if they didn’t know.”

“So you’re saying that the headquarters were aware of this drug deal?”

“They could be, or they initially weren’t. Either way, they probably later became aware of it, considering how the whole situation involving Sharlan got resolved and how easily I became the branch manager of Korea. They usually just want to cover it up because nothing good comes out of things getting out of hand.”

“Those dirty fuckers.”

Smithen glanced outside the door.

“Apparently, there’s a presentation for Gong Te automobile next week,” Kang Chan told Smithen.

“I can take Alice and go there in a wheelchair.”

“Sure. What are you going to do for dinner?”

“I’m thinking of going out with her.”

Kang Chan stood up, shaking his head.

Alice was sitting in a long waiting chair but promptly went inside the room when he left. Considering the mood between them, they’d most likely give birth to a child first before Smithen could learn Korean.

“The coffee’s gone cold,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

The two of them talked about multiple matters as Kang Chan drank the coffee that Seok Kang-Ho handed to him while he complained.